

MARIA'S MONEY

She Drew Too Much on Her Imagination

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Maria Bevis dusted the glass showcase in her little store, plied the bolts of percale and gingham neatly on the shelves, hung some imitation lace collars in the window and unlocked the door for the day's business.

Behind the store, which was the front parlor of her house, were the rooms where Maria lived.

As she sat at the window waiting for customers she saw a girlish form hurry past and enter the grocery store. Maria Bevis smiled sourly.

"Shiftless," she muttered, snatching irritably at the red yarn of her ball. "If that ain't just like Amy Lane. Probably just got out of bed and gone to the store for something for breakfast! I never could believe Cousin Sam's daughter could be so different from me! Bevises have always been thrifty and hardworking. Somehow Amy Bevis was different; then she went and married Howard Lane, and everybody knows it's starvation business running a country newspaper. But—"

The door swung inward with jangling bell, and a little, black-eyed, white-haired woman hopped in like a sparrow and perched on a chair.

"Well, Maria, how goes it?" twittered Ida Ramsell girlishly.

"I'm all right, Ida," returned Maria dryly. "Going out to sew today?"

"Yes—up to Mrs. Bremer's. I'll want two yards of slate colored silena and two spools of black thread No. 60, I guess. Just saw Amy," remarked Ida.

"So did I."

"Amy looks sick, Maria."

"Probably she eats too much pastry. I hear she lives out of the bakery," sniffed Maria, squinting nearsightedly into a box of thread.

"They are having a hard time to get along," murmured Ida kindly.

"Humph! Howard better go to work and do something that will bring in real money. I never dreamed when I lent that money to Amy's father that he would die without a penny. When I spoke to her about it she and Howard up and promised to pay every cent, with interest."

"I heard they said they would pay compound interest."

Maria flushed. "You do hear a lot of trashy talk, Ida! Howard did say that, but it's all talk. They've never made but the one payment on the interest I never expect to get the rest."

"I expect it's a good deal for you to lose," suggested Ida inquisitively.

"That's a personal matter," returned Maria stiffly. "It's enough that I lent it to Cousin Sammy, and he gave me the note for it payable on demand. Amy and Howard have promised to pay it. But, land, I've given it up!"

"Folks say you don't speak to Amy and Howard now," ventured Ida Ramsell as she arose to go.

"For once folks are right. I told 'em I didn't hold to keeping acquaintance with cheats."

"Maria!" For once Ida's sharp voice was warmly sympathetic for young Howard Lane and his wife, Amy. Swiftly she changed the topic. "Mr. Busby told me to tell you that you was appointed one of the delegates to the convention at Ripple River. There'll be twenty-five churches represented. Mrs. Bremer's another. I suppose you'll go?"

"Go nowhere!" cried Maria bitterly. "I can't afford to, Ida. If Amy would pay me that money I could go."

"Well, I'm sorry. Goodby," said Ida hurriedly, and the door jangled after her. "My," she breathed as she skipped down the street. "Maria must have lent them a lot of money! When I think of all the things she's wanted to do and couldn't because of the money tied up in that family loan I feel's if she was a martyr."

Ida Ramsell repeated that remark the next afternoon at the sewing society, and a buzz of laughter went around the group of busy women.

"It must be thousands of dollars," observed Mrs. Bremer quietly, "although I never could understand how Maria Bevis could get hold of very much to lend. I remember, when I went into black for Mr. Bremer, I offered to sell her my new garnet silk, but Maria said she couldn't afford it just then; she'd lent every penny to Sammy's folks and they hadn't paid her back."

"Too bad of her to talk so much about it," said the minister's wife. "Family affairs are best kept in the family."

"That's what I'm... saying telling Maria," chirruped Ida Ramsell, sewing jockily. "But she will gabble about it. Does seem's if her milk of human kindness was turned to vinegar and she just rejoiced in gettings slaps at Howard and Amy."

"I wonder how the baby is," murmured Mrs. Busby, the minister's wife.

"Better, so Amy said when I ran in there yesterday. Seems they had trouble with the milk from Long's. Howard wants to buy a cow, but I guess he doesn't dare to until they pay Maria."

That same night Amy and Howard Lane sat in their garden and talked of the future and played with Joyce, who seemed much better. From a tent on the green came sounds of laughter and

threads of music, where a fair was in full swing.

Howard's arm was around Amy's waist. "Dear, if you hadn't married me you might have been over there enjoying yourself," he said, a little bitterly. "Now you are ashamed to go because you haven't got decent shoes to wear and because if you spent a penny Cousin Maria would frown and call us—"

"Cheats," finished Amy, with a little laugh. "Never mind, Howard. I've been to lots of fairs, and I've got you and baby, and that's enough for any girl. Only I do wish we could pay Cousin Maria's note."

They started to go into the house when a man entered the front gate and came briskly toward them. "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lane?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," said Howard.

"I'm Tobias Bevis—Maria's brother. Guess you've heard of me from your father. Amy, ain't it? You was a little girl when I went away. Your father, my Cousin Sammy, mortgaged his house for \$1,000 to send me to California to get back my health. Well, I got it back and went to Australia, and I've been making money. I've brought back Cousin Sammy's money with compound interest. It's here in this packet. I'm sorry I couldn't give it to him direct. He was one of the best men in the world." The man's voice trembled as he finished speaking.

Without questioning why this long delayed loan was only now being repaid, Howard and Amy ushered Tobias Bevis into the house and listened to his story.

"I came here first. Maria wasn't home, and I went to the minister, Mr. Busby, and he gave me the particulars of Cousin Sammy's death. I'm sorry, Amy, that your father lost his home on account of me, but I'll make it up, if I can, to this little girl of yours. Did you say her name was Joyce?"

He played with the baby while Amy and Howard counted the money with trembling fingers and unbelieving eyes. Twenty-two hundred dollars! What wealth! Perhaps there would be enough left after Cousin Maria's awful debt was paid to give them a fair start in the world. Paying the interest had always kept them back.

"We must go tonight," whispered Amy, and Howard nodded assent.

Tobias promised to care for the baby until their return, and the happy pair hastened to Maria's house, where they found that spinster in a state of perturbation over the discovery of a man's leather suit case on her front piazza.

"What in time has happened?" she asked tartly as she ushered them into her sitting room.

"We've come to pay the note," said Amy proudly. "Will you please bring it at once, Cousin Maria? We must get it off our minds."

"With compound interest," added Howard.

Maria looked at them blankly. She had never expected the note to be paid, and she had not looked at it for years.

Slowly she walked to the china closet and took down a large blue china teapot. She thrust her hand in the top and drew out a bundle of yellowed papers.

Her spectacled eyes selected one and brought it to the table and laid it on the red cover. "There it is," she said skeptically. "Do you want to pay the whole of it?"

"I hope it isn't over \$2,000," whispered Amy prayerfully as she turned over the note.

She stared uncomprehendingly at it and gave it to her husband. "What does it say?" she whispered tensely.

Howard read and his face flushed.

"Cousin Maria, do you mean to say that this note is only for \$25—that that is all Father Bevis borrowed from you?" he demanded hotly.

Maria nodded dazedly. "I guess that's right," she said sheepishly. "Somehow I got to thinking how many things I could do with that money. It got to seem like a whole lot. I—"

She paused helplessly, while Howard counted out \$30 and pushed it across the table. Then he caught up the note and set a lighted match to it. When it crumbled to ashes he looked across the blacked fragments on the red cloth into Maria's scared eyes.

"Maria Bevis," he said gravely, "you've spoiled the three years of our married life, all for that paltry little sum. It is paid in full. How are you going to pay us back for the agony you have caused us? You have made us the laughingstock of the village and—"

"Don't Howard," said Amy softly. "Please don't. She is sorry."

"What would Rippledale say if it knew how much we really owed you?" Howard added remorselessly.

Maria's head dropped into her hands. "Tell 'em," she sniffed miserably. "I don't blame you one mite!"

There was silence. Then Howard spoke abruptly. "We won't tell a word, Maria. People may think what they please about the amount, but it is your place to inform every one that the note is paid, the debt is canceled. Will you do it?"

"Yes," cried Maria fervently. "I'll tell 'em tomorrow at the missionary meeting, and I don't suppose you'll ever have much to do with me again."

"Nonsense," said Amy brightly. "I'm coming over tomorrow morning with baby to buy something for new little dresses and we will have a cozy chat."

But Maria Bevis punished herself in her own way. When her brother Tobias came in and surprised her by his sudden arrival she told him the whole story, and any one who knew Maria Bevis and realized how she worshipped his young brother might understand that Maria Bevis was not too old to learn a lesson.

Farm and Garden

WHAT'S INSIDE AN APPLE?

Structure of Fruit is More Complex Than is Generally Supposed.

The inside of an apple is to most people merely a delicious whitish pulp and a few brown seeds in a more or less edible core wrapped up in a pretty colored skin. The real structure of the apple is by no means so simple. A scientific examination shows it to be far more complex. The accompanying photograph shows a cross section of a Baldwin apple. It has been treated first with alcohol and then with cedar oil to make the structure of the different parts show up better in the photograph.

The outer part, marked A, which is the part generally considered the fruit, the part that is eaten, is really corresponding to the outer wood of a tree or the stem of a plant, while the real fruit is the part marked D, known scientifically as the carpel, the dark triangular marks in the middle of the photograph.

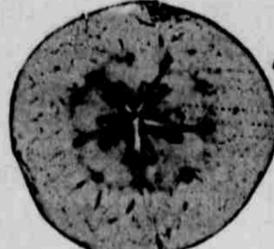


Photo by Oregon Agricultural College.

CROSS SECTION OF AN APPLE.

The dark spots, marked B, are the main arteries, of which there are ten, that carry the food through the network of veins seen in the outer section. This system of arteries and veins is entirely separate from that which feeds the fruit in the middle. The five sections marked C might be likened to five plums set down close together with a stem grown up around them (the fleshy part of the apple). These the horticultural scientist now calls "drupes." The outer part, with the pretty skin, is furnished by wise Dame Nature to make the apple attractive so it will be carried about and the seeds distributed.

The picture is taken from a bulletin on "Gross Morphology of the Apple," by E. J. Kraus, the first of a series on "The Pollination of the Pomaceous Fruits" to be issued from the research laboratories of the Oregon Agricultural college experiment station. Mr. Kraus treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, going into careful detail as to the structure of the different parts of the apple and their relation with a view to establishing his contention that pollination, for instance, of a yellow apple with pollen from a red apple affects the inner fruit rather than the exterior.

PLANT BREEDING ON FARM.

The cry is becoming more general for better seeds. How are we to get them? As the situation is, says a correspondent of the American Agriculturist, I believe the answer to the question is to breed them ourselves. We often see in horticultural and agricultural periodicals articles that have a tendency to throw a wet blanket over this proposition, claiming that seed breeding is a business of its own, requiring special training to do it properly. This may be true, viewed from a scientific standpoint, and yet there are few market gardeners or truck farmers who cannot breed and grow what seeds they require for their individual plantings.

Root Crops For Dairy Cow.

No matter what some people tell you, turnips and other roots make fine milk producing feed. Turnips will not affect the flavor of milk if fed at the right time. If turnips are fed in large quantities, and two or three hours before milking, they are likely to give the milk an unpleasant taste, but if fed directly after milking no flavor whatever will be noticed.—Farm Progress.

ALL SORTS OF ANIMALS.

Great care should be used in watering the horses. A little and often is the best way.

Moldy or stinky grain is one of the worst things that can be given the calves, as it is productive of numerous digestive ailments.

The cows that are on pasture should have free access to salt. The dairy cow needs this all the year around, but especially just at this season.

You frequently hear the question asked, "What is the best size of flock for the average farm?" Generally speaking, from forty to sixty ewes make the best size of flock for a quarter section farm.

If you are not situated so that you can let your boys out draw a load of earth and throw it into the pens now and then. The boys will work it over and take a lot of comfort doing it. Makes them grow faster too.

HOW UNCLE SAM HELPS.

A bulletin of the bureau of plant industry, "a study of farm equipment in Ohio," gives a most valuable review of important data of this character gathered and collated with much painstaking care by Mr. L. W. Ellis. On twenty-one farms investigated the following was found to be the average distribution of capital invested: In land, drainage and water supply, 61 per cent; in buildings, 21 per cent; in implements and machinery, 5 per cent, and in live stock, 13 per cent. The bulletin gives much detailed information, of which the figures just quoted represent a gross summary.

Ours is the day of scientific management. No longer need the farmer slowly find his way to the best working conditions by a series of successive approximations. The government helps him to profit by the experience of others who have preceded him and have paid the heavy dues of that excellent but dear schooling.

DON'T BURN ROUGHAGE.

Expensive and Wasteful Practice With Cornstalks, Straw, Chaff, Etc. A contributor to Farm and Fireside writes:

"A tendency exists among many farmers to burn up all cornstalks, loose straw, clover chaff and superfluous roughage about the place. But it is too expensive.

"Every time an acre of stalks is burned twenty-one pounds of nitrogen go into the air, and it will cost you \$3.50 to buy it back again. Wheat or oat straw from an acre contains about twelve to fourteen pounds of nitrogen and clover chaff three times this amount.

"One can easily figure from these deductions what a reckless loss to the farm is a fire in the chaff pile or stalk field. The cutaway and disk harrows will chop these bulky materials up ready for the plow where they can be turned under. If you want to fatten the old farm, stuff it with organic mat-

Tug Goes Through Big Gatun Locks.

Panama.—The most important step thus far toward the operation of the Panama canal took place when the seagoing tugboat Gatun, drawing 12½ feet of water, was passed successfully through the Gatun locks and now floats on the bosom of Gatun Lake.

ARISTOCRATIC BOVINES

BOUGHT BY J. J. HILL

John C. Shaw is in receipt of a letter from his brother, Thomas Shaw, who is now in Europe purchasing thorough-bred cattle for James J. Hill, giving the information that many aristocratic bovines will be added to Mr. Hill's herd. The very best which can be found across the water are being selected, and the question of price is not entering into the matter to any great extent, as \$2,000 has been paid for a bull, and others are being bought at correspondingly high prices.

The letter states that twenty-eight shorthorns and twelve Ayrshires have been purchased, and that the writer has visited many lands before buying the shorthorns, as he was determined to get only the best. He continues: "I am positive that we have bought the best herd of shorthorns that ever left England. The average price for them was \$600, and for the Ayrshires, \$350. One of the bulls cost \$2,000, and was a 4-year-old at that. No one can tell me dual purpose cattle cannot be bred. The highest priced cattle in England are the dual shorthorns. Many give 10,000 pounds of milk per year, and at the same time produce the best of beef steers. I have secured twenty-two Oxforde and twenty-two Shropshire sheep, and Mr. Hill has cabled me to get three Angus bull, and I am starting tonight for Aberdeen, Scotland, to get them."

Before returning, Mr. Shaw will visit Holland for the purpose of obtaining a herd of Holsteins, and from there will go to France to buy French dairy cattle, a breed little known in this country.

Mr. Shaw was for several years head of the agricultural college at Guelph, Ontario, and was afterward an instructor in the University of Minnesota. He is the author of fifteen works on agriculture, many of them being used as text books in the different colleges, and is designated by James J. Hill as one of the best—if not the best—agriculturalist in America.

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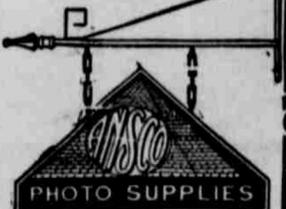
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